A PAIR OF LOVERS.

Sweet little Nettie Fay had two lovers. A very delightful condition of affairs, but a state of things which made Nettie a great deal of trouble; and as for the men, they rendered each other, as well as the girl of their hearts, very miserable.

So it wasn't so very nice after all.

It had been years since Nettie had been assigned by their friends to Warren Dormer, and she expected to marry him, for Nettie was only a gentle, yielding nature; but her step-father's son, whom she had never seen, Arthur Stevening came to quiet Bevingdean, and fell so strightway and unmistakably in love with Nettie as to alter greatly the situation, for Nettie did give him encouragement.

One day a party of young people had gone up to the cliff which overlooked the harbor, to see the great man of war the Sultan, come in, and Nettie had taken Arthur's arm, and laughingly climbed the hill with the best of them, though such a little thing.

And being a bright, magical sight—the white-capped, crisp, dancing waves, the long, gleaming decks; the small, active thronging figures of the seamen,—that and the splendid air was worth climbing the ascent for, they all agreed.

And then this impromtu basket-party spread their lunch upon a rock among the crisp green moss, and discussed cold chicken and Italian cream, up among the clouds as securely as if sunshine and safety lasted forever.

Arthur Stevening had gone half-way down the cliff with his gun, and was banging away at the flying birds, when a sudden gust of cold air, and the darkening of the sun, reminded him that he had foretold a storm at sunrise.

He was not used to the locality, and was all unprepared for the suddenness with which the weather changed.

A mist spread over the landscape, the air grew humid, there was a distant growl of thunder, and the next moment a close flash of lightning.

It was followed by more vivid ones.

Shouldering his gun, he turned to retrace his steps. He had ascended a few yards when he heard the distant voices of the descending party. Something in their tones—a cry of alarm or entreaty—made him hasten his footsteps, when, suddenly round the curve of a rock came the flying figure of a girl.

It was Nettie, who, born with a terror of lightning, was running at full speed down the mountain, her hat hanging by its blue ribbons down her back, her sweet eyes wide with fright, her gold hair blown over her face, a wild-rose color in the dimpled cheeks, stung by the sharp, salt air.

Arthur sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and retreated with her under the shelter of an overhanging rock.

The drenched and frightened party rushed by him like a meteor, and he made no attempt to delay them. He could hardly trust his head to keep his feet in the din and blinding light.

Yet, through it all, he could feel Nettie's heart beating faintly against his breast.

'Poor little darling!' he murmured, seeing that she was quite senseless.

She remained so until the storm began to abate.

She caught her breath at last; and uttered a choking little cry.

'Nettie, wake up! The storm is almost over. Nettie, don't you know where you are?" shaking her a little.

She opened her eyes, and then slipped to her feet, shaking and clinging to him. Her broken and incoherent exclamation gave him some insight into the peculiarity which all her other friends were aware of—her terror of lightning—and the loveliness of her white cheeks and the sweetness of the tearful eyes, made the task of reassuring her not distastful. Indeed, before he knew it, he had kissed the pretty lips, and brought the burning blushes to the young face.

"Nettie, dear little Nettie, I could't help it. You see I love you so. Tell me that you don't care for that other fellow!"

At that moment there was a hurried step and "that other fellow" stood before them.

To say that Mr. Warren Dormer was astonished, is but feebly to state the case. He stood looking at his sweetheart in the arms of another man in simply round eyed wonder.

He had been absent from Bevingdean for the last three weeks, and though he had been introduced to Arthur Stevening before his departure, he had never dreamed of him as a rival—or of anybody else for that matter. For two years he had considered Nettie securely his.

He had a nice farm and handsome country house to make Nettie mistress of, and—there could be no doubt of that—he honestly loved her.

"I—I came for you, Nettie," he said, in a rather smothered voice. "They said you were up the cliff, and the storm———"

The poor fellows's voice faltered and broke.

Nettie had hastily disengaged herself, breathless and frightened.

"When—when did you come home, Warren?" she asked, instinctively trying to avoid a scene.

But she was not quite successful, since Arthur Stevening still kept possession of her hand, and through evidently a little startled, looked from her to Warren Dormer unflinchingly. The painful silence that followed was broken by his voice.

'It may as well come out now as any time. You and I can hardly pretend to be friends since we are rivals, Mr. Dormer.'

'No,' returned the other, in the same smothered voice, moving uneasily, and not looking at Nettie, who, not having the least idea what she ought to do under such circumstances, began to cry.

'You understand that I love Miss Fay, the same as you do, I suppose, and she must choose between us now,' went on Arthur.

'I—oh, I—I cannot now!' sobbed Nettie, confessing more than it was pleasant for one of her hearers to hear, since her words implied that a choice was not only possible, but imminent. 'The storm is over now, and I must go home.'

And gathering her skirts from her little feet, she literally ran away.

The only thing they could learn of Nettie for the next few days was that she had caught cold from her drenching in the storm, and could not leave the house.

The next was that Nettie whisked herself out of sight of her two admirers to spend a fortnight with her aunt Barbara, in the next town.

Arthur did not know what interview she might have had with Warren Dormer, but he was really not much afraid of "that other fellow"—not so much as he would have been had he known Warren Dormer.

Another week passed. At the end of that time. Nettie Fay was in receipt of two letters—one from Arthur, one from Warren Dormer. With sorrow and misgiving she pondered over these letters; but Nettie was sincerity itself, and at length wrote to both, explaining exactly the state of her feelings. The task was a hard one, and her hand shook so as she folded the sheets, that she let the portfolio upon which they lay fall to the floor. She picked them up hurriedly, placed them as quickly as possible in envelopes, superscribed, and sent them to the post.

When she reached home a fort night later there was a lawn party, and her mother hurried her to her room; and Nettie came down from her chamber, at last, in a lovely silk costume. The girl had lost flesh and color, but had never looked sweeter.

And there was Arthur Stevening. He was going to and fro with camp-chairs and cups of tea for the ladies.

He would come to her side soon, but he passed, at last, with only a pale, constrained look, and barely a civil word. The next moment, Warren Dormer took the chair at her side.

'I thought you would come home to-day, Nettie.'

One glance at his cheerful face bewildered her. Warren bent towards her, and affecting to look at her bracelet, whispered:

'I received your letter.'

Nellie bent her head silently in response.

The silvery chat and the music around her seemed to make her head reel:

How strange she felt! The glance from Arthur chilled her heart.

Her eyes dwelt in bewilderment on Warren's flushed face. He looked actually happy.

'Warren,' called Mrs. Fay, 'will you go to the house and ask Lily for my shawl?'

When Warren Dormer had gone away, Nettie rose and, walking down the lawn, stood looking in a rather forlorn way at the tennis-players—really not seeing them at all. Suddenly there was a voice at her side.

'I think, Nettie, you might have spared me the pain of knowing that I was an object of pain and dread to you, or very much the same thing."

As Nettie lifted her blue eyes in pained surprise, Arthur Stevening was gazing very gravely down upon her.

She could not imagine he could look so stern. The color quite died out of her cheek.

She gave a broken murmur—what she said she did not know.

'Forgotten what you said!" he exclaimed, as if repeating her words. 'I cannot forget so easily. And, then, I have them in black and white, you know,' with a painful smile, as he passed on in response to a merry call—for Arthur was a favorite with the ladies.

Nettie could have thrown herself down on the grass, like a child; and cried in sorrow and despair.

Was this captious treatment all the reward she was to get for confessing the truth so bravely?

Her father's displeasure, her mother's disappointment, Aunt Barbara scolding, she had prepared herself to receive; but this was too much; the hot tears welled to her eyes.

There were other gentlemen in the party, who thought Nettie pretty and attractive; but she listened to everybody in an absent-minded way, and at last the festive afternoon was over.

'May I come up at eight this evening, Nettie?' asked Warren Dormer at parting. He looked at her in a cheerful, confident way, which bewildered her.

'He hopes to make me change my mind,' she thought.

'Certainly,' she said with visible reluctance.

She was not quite sure, as she glanced at Arthur's grave, averted face at the supper-table, that she would not take Warren after all, out of pure forlornness—it was so disheartening to miss the radient smile, the tenderness she had unconsciously anticipated.

But when her old lover's straw-colored beard brushed her cheek, she shivered.

'Please don't Warren—I told you!' she exclaimed.

'Yes—that you loved me best.'

'No—that I love him best!' cried Nettie, hysterically. 'I can't help it—I do!'

Poor Warren's eyes looked more like blue porcelain than ever as he stared at her.

'You told me———' he began.

'Oh what did I tell you?' cried Nettie desperately, as she tore the letter he presented from his hand.

She glanced over the sheet and turned red.

'I—I put the letters in the wrong envelopes,' she faltered.

'Then this was intended for Arthur?' asked Dormer, stiffening.

Nellie nodded.

In vain he called her fickle, a coquette, a flirt. She only cried until he went away. Then she flung herself, face downward, upon the sofa, and the excitement and fatigue lulled her into drowsiness at last.

She went to sleep, thinking this a very forlorn world, and woke up to find it a very bright one, for Arthur Stevening was smiling over her.

'Dear little Nettie!' he cried. 'I know all; I got the wrong letter.'

'You did!' she answered.

Need we say how happy they were, how soon they were married, and what a long honeymoon their wedded life was, although Nettie having had the courage to choose rightly between her 'Pair of Lovers?"

Horses in Battle.

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned, they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place.

At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald having unhorsed an English officer took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its master was commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which McDonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

The steamer Valor, of this port, Captain Haskell, is engaged in shooting whales for the factory of Bothbay Thursday, when off Cape Porpoise and just in sight of land, an immense whale was encountered, and the steamer started in pursuit, and just as they got near enough to fire at the monster he sounded. The steamer started again for the prey when he came to the surface, and this time they got in a shot. Mr. Haskells, the brother of the Captain, fired the boom, and it entered the animal; which immedately swam with great speed out to sea. The steamer followed, and after a long and exciting chase succeeded in driving the whale in shore, when he again sounded. After a short time, during which the steamer lay in and waited for the reappearance of the monster, he rose to the surface and plunged directly for the boat. Had he struck the little vessel, coming as he did, with almost irresistible force, she would certainly have sunk. The signal to back was given, and the steamer coming round just in time to allow the whale to dash by only a few feet from the side. Haskell, afraid of losing the prey, again fired, and this time the bomb accomplished its work, and the dead body of the whale sank in seventy-five fathoms of water. The whale was very large for its species being fully twice as long as the Valor, a 45-foot vessel. The carcass will come to the surface in eight or nine days, when it will be taken in tow by the steamer.—Portland (Me.) *Press.*

The royal seraglio of Persia contains no Europeans or male persons over the age of 11. Each royal favorite has her separate pavilion and her staff of servants, her equipages, her jewels and her revenue. The principal favorite generally has some high-sounding title conferred upon her, such as "The Delight of the State." The ladies are never seen abroad unveiled, save one or two of the handsomer or more flighty of their number, who sometimes, when driving in their glass coaches, purposely give a rather liberal display of florid charms to passers-by in carriages or on horseback. It is quite certain that no man save the King enters the royal harem, or, having done so, leaves it alive.

A London paper gravely announces that St. Petersburg is anxiously awaiting the arrival of an American pianist who promises, by the aid of electricity, to play twelve pianos simultaneously. Russia's cup of misery at this will soon overflow. It beats Morphy with his twelve simultaneous games at chess.

Capt. Kidd's Treasure.

Mrs. Mary Cleaves, a bright-eyed, dark-haired, chatty little woman of middle age, writes a Portland, Me., correspondent of *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, recently resumed her labor of searching for the hidden treasure of Oversel. She believes the gold of Capt. Kidd is on Oversel island, and that she is about to find it. Her work, which commenced some months ago, was interrupted by the winter snows. She has a rod of magical powers. "You spoke of the rod," said she this morning; "yes, it has a history, which I will tell you," laying down her shovel and pick. "In the first place, these rods are often unreliable. I tried several, but they all proved false. One day this one (eyeing it affectionately) came to me from New York. It is two hundred years old, and is true blue. Why, when I first took it up a severe shock of electricity passed through me. My work was half-done. Wonderful wand! With this rod I can overcome any obstacle, great or small, and mind you, it has a strong affinity between heavenly and earthly things. I told you it was true; it is every time. One day, when I was prospecting on the island, I came across a large rock. On that rock was distinctly marked the letter "C." That "C" meant "Cleaves," but I did not learn it until afterward. I placed the rod near the rock, and it indicated that there was something below. I could neither believe my eyes nor the rod for some moments. I was bound to satisfy myself thoroughly, so I stepped back a few rods, tied my rod to the ground, and rested upon it. Strange to say, it broke its fastenings, turned me completely around, and pointed directly to the place first indicated. Then I was satisfied. So you see I have labored hard, searching everywhere with my rod and digging in thousands of places with my shovel and almost for nothing. But I realize that my work is nearly over now. I shall astonish the natives in the spring. Until then good-by."

And Mrs. Cleaves took up her pick and shovel and started for the shore.

A Great Year For Chewing Gum.

This is a great gum year in Maine, especially on the Penobscot, and now that the sun is climbing up into the north a little and the lumbermen are coming out, the air is fairly redolent with the perfume of the spruce. The logs, knees, and bark are not the only valuable part of the great timber tree, for the gum is worth considerable even in its rough state, just as it is hacked from the crotches of the old trees There are two or three firms here which buy large quantities of it from the lumbermen and gum-hunters for the purpose of refining it, as they say. But as a general thing the refining consists in adulteration with rosin. They throw it into a big kettle, bark and all, and boil it to about the consistency of thick molasses, skimming the impurities off as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of rosin is added, and in some cases a little sugar. The mixture then becomes thicker, and, after more stirring, is poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and then chopped with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in tissue paper and packed in wooden boxes. There are two hundred pieces in a box. Some gum is treated in this way without adulteration.

The best gum comes from no particular locality, but always from the biggest trees. The doctors up here say chewing gum benefits the teeth. The loggers, in their many idle hours by the camp fire, whittle out miniature barrels from blocks of cedar or white pine, hollow them out, and fill them with the choicest gum the woods afford for gifts to their sweethearts, children, or friends when they "come down" in the spring. Others, who go into the woods for gum alone, bring down big bags of gum, and sell it to the manufacturers of the improved article. Up here adulterated gum is called patent gum.—*New York Sun.*

A Wounded Lion.

A very dramatic narrative of an encounter with a lion is published by an Algerian paper. It appears that for months past farmers residing near a forest in the African colony have been victimized by the lion, which carried off their cattle, and especially evinced a partiality for their sheep. Exasperated by the gaps made in their small flocks, it was determined to make war on the depredator, and seventeen settlers, with five or six Arabs, set out on what proved a very perilous adventure. They took up their positions in parties of four and five, at certain spots in the forest which it was conjectured the animal would pass, and toward nightfall the enemy was seen coming leisurely along by one of these parties, numbering five men. After consulting together it was decided that they should fire simultaneously, and at a given signal they did so, the lion being seen to fall, uttering a tremendous roar of pain. He was not dead, however, as the men too quickly imagined, and when they approached the animal he rose to his feet, crushed one of the assailants with a blow of his powerful paw, and seizing the head of his victim, smashed it at a bite. Turning from the mangled remains, the brute next attacked another man, biting off his arm and otherwise injuring him. Two other members of the party were also grievously torn and bitten by the enraged animal, and might have lost their lives in the terrible encounter had not their uninjured comrade levelled his gun at the lion's ear and been lucky enough to stretch him out on the ground dead.

There is a diversity of opinion as to whether young George Gould will keep the Gould possessions together or not. Thus far he has not fulfilled all the fond desires of his distinguished parent. He has not much of a head for finance or a surplus of aptitude for speculation. To be a good speculator requires much sagacity. He enjoys the theaters very much, and likes to slip in behind the scenes among the pretty chorus of ballet girls, and his head aches quite frequently next day during business hours. Nevertheless, Mr. Gould is making every effort to make a business man of him, and he ought to succeed.

Speaking of the Democratic governor of Ohio, Hon. George Hoadly, the New York *Sun* says: "Of his political sagacity there has never been the slightest doubt. His administration of office has been wise, honest and patriotic. He is a thinking man, full of ideas in regard to executive reform, strong and firm whenever called upon to face an emergency, sincere in his devotion to the public interests, and thoroughly true to the vital principles of Democracy. We do not know whether these qualities of Governor Hoadly's are obscured to view in any quarter of the Democratic party in Ohio by local or political prejudice. They are clearly apparent to the country at large. There is probably no other State in the Union where the governor now holding office is Judge Hoadly's equal in intellectuality."